

Facts, Fiction, Fashions and Features of Interest to Women

Virginia Lee's Personal Answers To Herald Readers' Questions

Is there anyone more miserable than an over-sensitive person?

They walk along through life with a chip on each shoulder, inviting the world to knock it off. Odd as it may seem, a person who is thus afflicted instead of making valiant efforts to overcome the uncomfortable malady, tenderly nurses it and permits it to grow. They realize that they are constantly "hurt" and unhappy; they even realize that oversensitiveness is the cause; they wish to be different, but they make no effort to change. They bemoan their fate, and consider the world at large unkind for injuring their all too tender feelings.

To be certain, I have sympathy for such a person—we all have—but they not only make themselves unhappy but all those about them. It makes you feel uncomfortable to say the least, to realize that no matter what you say, you are bound to prick the over-sensitive person.

I have heard all sorts of reasons given for the possession of such a disposition; one person even going so far as to say they had inherited it; others say that it is only a self-centered person who can translate every remark so as to include them. In that case the habit could be easily broken, for all the person would have to do when he was on the verge of feeling hurt would be to say to himself, of course the speaker didn't have me in mind, who am I to believe every one is thinking of me. Maybe it is merely due to a guilty conscience. A conscience is a funny thing at any rate.

Dear Miss Lee: Are Mary Pickford and Jack Pickford related? Is Pickford his real name or stage name—E. B. M.

Jack Pickford is Mary Pickford's brother. The family name is Smith.

Dear Miss Lee: I fix my hair in puffs at the sides as it seems to be more becoming that way. In order to do this I find that I have to pull my hair and it seems to grow shorter every day. What would you suggest—A. H. F.

It is true that "puffs" over the ears, as ugly as they are, seem to be be-

Witches' Leaves : : : : O. HENRY

and palette. There would stand his easel with the picture he was painting in which the perspective was beyond criticism.

He would prepare for his lunch—of dry bread and water. He would slice into a loaf—ah!

Miss Martha blushed. Would he think of the hand that placed it there as he ate? Would he—

from the door, bell jangled viciously. Somebody had come in, making a great deal of noise.

Miss Martha hurried to the front. Two men were there. One was a young man smoking a pipe, a man she had never seen before. The other was her artist.

His face was very red, his hat was on the back of his head, his hair was wildly rumpled. He clutched his two flats and shook them ferociously at Miss Martha. At Miss Martha.

"Dumkoff!" he shouted with extreme loudness; and then "Tausend-dollar!" or something like it in German.

The young man tried to draw him away.

"I will not go," he said angrily. "Else I shall throw it."

He made a base drum of Miss Martha's counter.

"You spit me," he cried. His blue eyes blazed behind his spectacles. "I will tell you. You was meddling old cat!"

Miss Martha leaned weakly against the shelves and laid one hand on her blue-dotted silk waist. The young man took the other by the collar.

"Come on," he said, "you've said 'mam.' He dragged her angry one out at the door to the sidewalk, and then came back.

"Guess you ought to be told, mam," he said, "what the row is about. That's Blumberger. He's an architectural draftsman. He works in the same office with him."

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CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES

By HOWARD R. GARRIS
UNCLE WIGGILY AND JACKO'S COCONUT.

"Uncle Wiggily! Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" called a voice behind the bunny rabbit gentleman one day, as he was hopping through the woods looking for an adventure. "Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Wait a minute if you please!"

"Now I wonder who that can be?" thought Mr. Longears to himself, as he stopped and partly hid behind a big tree. "If it's the Pipsisewah—but no; it couldn't be that bad chap. He never says 'please!' It must be one of my friends. But still I must be careful."

Uncle Wiggily peeked around the corner of the tree and there he saw, coming along with a hop, skip and a squeal, Jacko Kinkytail, the monkey boy.

"Why are you so joyful this morning, Jacko?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Because we are going to have coconut cake at our house for supper tonight," chattered Jacko.

"A coconut cake!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "That will be fine!"

"And I invite you to come and have some," went on Jacko.

"Oh, but perhaps there will not be cake enough," said Uncle Wiggily, laughing.

"Copy, yes, there, will!" chattered the monkey boy.

They bought a lovely brown one with a funny cover on, and Jacko held it up to his ear and shook it.

"And you do that?" asked Uncle Wiggily, curious like.

"To see if it has milk inside," answered Jacko. "Not the kind of milk the milkman leaves, but coconut milk."

So Jacko bought that Coconut and he and Uncle Wiggily started home with it. They had not gone very far before, all of a sudden, out from behind a pineapple bush jumped the unpleasant old Bazum-pump.

"I want some! I want some!" howled the bad chap, looking straight and hungrily at Uncle Wiggily's ears.

"Oh, you do, eh?" asked Jacko, bravely. "Well, try a bit of coconut pie instead!"

With that he suddenly threw the coconut at the Bazump, and as the coconut had not yet been taken out of the shell it was very hard.

And, being hard, made the Bazump jump the unpleasant old Bazump.

Then the bad chap ran away and the monkey boy picked up his coconut and shook it again to make sure the milk was still inside.

"You are you going to get the milk out?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as he and Jacko walked on together again.

"See these three little round things on the end of the coconut?" asked Jacko, pointing to them.

"Well they are soft spots and if you stick a thorn in them it makes a hole, and the coconut milk comes out."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" asked Uncle Wiggily. Then he and Jacko walked on some more, and the monkey gentleman was just thinking how nice Mrs. Kinkytail's coconut cake would taste, when, all of a sudden, a voice cried:

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

"Where is it?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as Lulu Whistlewobble, the duck girl, came fluttering through the woods.

"Grandpa Goosey Gander's house is on fire, and the duck pond ocean is all dried up so there is no water to put the fire out!" quacked Lulu.

"Oh, Oh!"

"Ha! This is where I can help!" chattered Jacko. On he rushed with his coconut. When he reached the place where Grandpa Goosey's house was burning, Jacko punched a hole in the end of the coconut with a sharp thorn and when the watery milk came out Jacko sprinkled it on the fire and put out the blaze before it could do much damage.

"Oh, thank you," quacked Grandpa Goosey. "You saved my house, but you lost all the milk of the coconut."

"The coconut will be just as good for cake," said Jacko bravely.

Fashionable Nancy

This smart trotteur Nancy wears is made

Of meteor, with soutache braid, With sash made quite Bulgarian. Though no effete vulgarian. Composed the colors—the striped band

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"GARDEN PARTY HAT," SO NAMED BECAUSE OF ITS ADAPTABILITY



It is white Neapolitan straw, the crown of which is covered with colorful field flowers.

Excellent Advice

By DOROTHY DIX
Copyright, 1920.
Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

Working Girls Have Best Chance to Marry.

"We business girls have one consolation even if we do have to earn our own bread and butter and jam," said a young woman the other day, "and that is that we have practically cornered the matrimonial market, and get the first option on most of the good things in the marrying line."

"And let me tell you that is no small thing in these days when men are scarce, and shy at the altar and the big business men have passed into the luxury class."

"You may suppose that the rich girl who has nothing to do but dote on herself up, and look pretty, and sit on the family pedestal would have the best chance to marry. Far from it. Cinderella the Typewriter Queen has got the Fairy Princess left at the Old Maid's Home when it comes to husband snaring. And not only can the working girl marry oftener and quicker than the rich girl, she can marry better."

"As a matter of fact no other girl has such a poor chance of making a really good match as the wealthy society girl. She is handicapped by her money, for men of honor and independence and pride fight shy of her because, for one thing, they do not want to be suspected of fortune hunting, and because, for another thing, they can not put themselves into the position of a hanger on and pensioner of their wives."

"Then the kind of men who are going to be the famous professional men and the big business men of twenty years hence are not hanging around drawing rooms, am yachting and poloing just now. They are grubbing away in offices, and wearing cheap clothes, and counting pennies, and the rich girl never has any more chance of meeting them than she has of being introduced to the Nawab of Bhopal."

"That leaves the matrimonial field pretty much to the Papa's Son boys who are not much, and the rich wife hunters, who are not many. Perhaps it is because the millionaires' choice is so limited, and because, that very rich girls so often give up trying to find a man and marry a title."

"On the other hand, the poor girl who works for her living, works shoulder to shoulder with the coming man. She knows which ones have ability and energy and initiative, and she knows in them that mysterious something that takes a man out of the ranks and sets him at the head. That's what I mean by saying she has the first chance at all the good things."

"As to her ability to marry being greater than the rich girl's, that is obvious. What's the good of fishing in a stream where there are no fish? The working girl is where the fishing is fine. The rich girl is sitting high and dry in a parlor chair, without a minnow being in five miles of her. All she can do is to wait for a miracle to happen that will send some poor fish her way. Which doesn't always happen, there being discouraging times for the supernatural to occur."

"Now every woman knows there are two difficulties in getting a husband. The first is to find your man. The business girl does this by the simple expedient of prosecuting her search where men congregate. She is where she sees scores of men every day, where she comes in contact with them in her work, and where she comes in contact with them in her work, and where she gets to know them, and they get to know her. In this way she establishes a cordial acquaintance with men who are too busy or too bashful to ever call upon a dressed up society girl with whom they would have to be formal and on their p's and q's."

"Why I know a dozen women who are now riding around in their own limousines, and with money to burn, who are married to just that type of man—splendid fellows, with hearts of gold, but so shy they would never have summoned up enough courage to pop the question to any woman, if they hadn't worked with her and gotten to know her that way."

"The second difficulty of catching a husband is getting near enough to him to cast your lasso without scaring him off. Let a man suspect that a woman is camped on his trail, and he beats it to the tall timber. That's where managing mothers, who gush over men and tell them how perfectly good a job he's doing, and how domestic Susan is, fall down. The stupidest man sees her fell designs upon him and sidesteps them."

"But business furnishes a girl with a perfect alibi for always being about, and it also camouflages any intentions she may have upon a man's single blessedness. He is suspicious of the society girl who must marry for a man's ticket, and afraid to trust himself in her vicinity."

"He's off his guard, however, where the business girl is concerned. She's got a perfectly good job, and shows herself capable of holding it down, and doesn't have to get some man to pay her bills. So he feels safe with her, and forgets that Marie is and how domestic Susan is, and falls down. The stupidest man sees her fell designs upon him and sidesteps them."

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